

BOSTON RECORDER.

FRIDAY, DEC. 23, 1842.

BY The biographical sketch of Rev. Vinton Gould, on our first page will be found interesting. We trust none of our readers will overlook it on account of its length. The example that faithful and eminent useful minister is deserving of attentive study and imitation.

[From our Correspondent.]

LETTERS FROM MAINE.—NO. II.

With so extensive a sea-coast, we have, as a matter of course, a vast amount of coasting trade, as well as a great ship-building and ship-owning interest. Maine is the third State of the Union in the amount of registered tonnage. A large portion of this consists of fine freighting ships. Many of the finest American vessels to be found in the Liverpool docks or at the levee in N. Orleans are "Eastern built." Bath ships among others have a high reputation. Many of the largest class of merchant vessels, from 700 to 1100 tons burden, are built there, while at Portland, Wiscasset, Belfast, and many other places, ships, boats, and barges, of smaller size, perhaps not inferior in quality, are to be seen on the stocks.—Great numbers of seamen, too, are furnished from the population bordering on the navigable waters of the State. The fisheries, the coasting and West India trade, and the southern freighting business, affording extensive nurseries of seamen, find thousands of subjects in Maine. Hence comes a deep interest in the cause of seamen all along the coast from the Piscataqua to Passamaquoddy; and many blessed fruits of Christian exertion have been visible among them. A very large portion of the inhabitants of the State are within hearing of the roar which every storm sends forth from our rock-bound coast—and one who is accustomed many times in a winter to be waked by those subline and terrific sounds, and the next morning to find that some crew were landed in distress, or dashed in pieces on the rocks, within a few miles of his dwelling, can hardly forget the poor sailor at any time. One word as to the dangers of our coast. They are almost proverbial. And yet, considering its extent, and the vast numbers of vessels, great and small, which at all seasons of the year are passing within sight of its rocky harbors, it can hardly be regarded as peculiarly dangerous.

It is, indeed, subject to fog: but not more so, except the extreme north-western section, than all the New-England coast. It is rock-bound; and when the billows which a long storm has called up like giants from the deep, are seen not only breaking in continuous lines up and down the main land, but marking by scores of detached masses of foam the locality of many sunken rocks, far from the shore, one may well shudder to think of a vessel driving in the darkness and storm among such perils,—and yet the extensive shoals and gradually shelving breakers of the southern coast, where a vessel in a heavy sea may strike, several miles from land, are even more dangerous. In fact, ships have often been wrecked on the most frightful parts of our rock-bound coast,—dashed in pieces on a dark night, and every one of the crew escaped.

Still, there is peril, especially in winter navigation, on our coast. Between Portland and Portsmouth there are no good harbors; and the loss of the bark Horace two or three years since,—of the bark Wm. Fales last winter, with the captain and most of the crew,—and of the Isadore lately, with all on board—fifteen souls—all near the same spot, will not soon be forgotten.

When, then, will Christians care as they ought for the souls of those who may be said to be in the front rank of the greatest procession to the grave?—A generation of sailors is reckoned to last but eleven years.

What we do for them must be done quickly.—Could we see the pathway of corpses and of bones, which marks the track of vessels on our coast from the Bay of Fundy to Florida, methinks we should do more to bless and save the survivors. M. W.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

This season of the year, when charity and sympathy for the poor are most needed, is embraced by some of our benevolent societies, which have for their immediate object the amelioration of those distresses which are always aggravated by the season of winter,—to hold their annual public meetings.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," &c. "Is not this the fast that I have chosen?" to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked that thou cover him," &c. We fear sometimes that our religion is in danger of becoming more a religion of *preaching* than of *practice*. True faith should show itself by works. He who came into the world to provide the way of everlasting salvation, when upon earth went about doing good, to illustrate the mercy of His own religion. It is a high and noble charity which looks beyond the sorrows of the present world, which feeds with the bread of life, clothes with garments of righteousness, heals the diseases of the soul, and raises the hopes to a state of existence in which sin and sorrow have no place;—but can this charity exist where there is not an active ministering sympathy for the literal wants of the hungry, and naked, and sick, and afflicted? No; forasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto me."

The *Children's Friend Society*, a charity which is well known, and to a good degree appreciated, held its anniversary at the Central Church on Sabbath evening last, on which occasion we were glad to see a very full attendance. Rev. Mr. Hague, of the Federal street Baptist church, delivered the usual sermon, and many of the children under the Society's care were present, to increase the interest of the occasion by taking a part in the exercise of singing. A collection was taken up in aid of the object.

Another society, not so well known, probably—the *American Female Home Education Society and Temperance Union*—held a meeting at the Odeon, also on Sabbath evening. This Society has been much more fortunate in the selection of its object of charity, than of the name under which its operations shall be conducted. The object seems to be to assist in the education of poor females, especially the children of intemperate parents. A school is sustained by the Society at South Boston, and a boarding-house connected with it, where under a matron and teacher, the children are educated with maternal affection. It appears that about 80 children have been thus provided for during the past year, while others have been partially assisted. The meeting, which was a full one, was addressed by Rev. Mr. Woart, of Christ Church, Dr. Walter Channing, Dr. Grant, and Rev. Mr. Cushman, of Bowdoin Square Church.

Dr. Channing, in the course of his remarks, related a remarkable fact, to show what self-sacrifice is sometimes made by the afflicted and unfortunate poor to sustain their own burdens. He said that a woman, now of three score years, might almost every day be seen coming over one of the long bridges which lead to the city, with a basket containing some articles of her manufacture for sale; and that this woman, in that way, supported a sister who has been bed-ridden for years, and also a niece, who although 26 years of age, has not grown beyond the size of an infant a year old, who is an idiot, and a most pitiable object to behold, who has never spoken, and who never moves but in convulsions which seem as if they would rend limb from limb. Thirty thousand of these convulsive fits have been witnessed by this devoted woman, who watches over her helpless charge with a faithfulness and affection which is as remarkable as it is noble. Why does a wise Providence permit such scenes of human misery, but to call out the best sympathies of our nature? Why do we have the poor always with us, but to teach us how much more blessed it is to give than to receive?

The *Howard Benevolent Society*, another of the prominent charities of the city, held a meeting at the Old South, on Tuesday evening, in aid of its funds, on which occasion a discourse was delivered by Rev. Mr. Kirk.

THE GOSPEL IN HEATHEN LANDS.

It is very interesting to notice the various direct and indirect results of foreign missions. The information which is reaching us every day, from missionary stations, is adding testimony upon testimony to the efficacious power of the Gospel to bring all things under the feet of Christ, and to cause the wilderness and the solitary place to be glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

Such facts as that to which we alluded last week,—of the visit to this country of an ambassador from the Sandwich Islands, having in view the establishment of a civilized government in those islands, are of great interest.

The publications of the Tract Societies, are of inestimable value, and in some sense answer the purpose intended by my suggestion. But their field is a peculiar one, and unfortunately too limited.

Multitudes of minds there are, which are never reached by *tractarians*.

Let valuable religious

books in the cheap and acceptable form, in which the *Common School Songster*, &c., are meeting the operations of the penny press.

"Tokens of the Spirit's presence seem to be manifest. The people of God are in a measure quickened, and numbers dead in sin, it is hoped, have passed from death into life."

The Chronicle also states, that an interesting

revival is in progress in Barre, Vermont.

The Chronicle contains, likewise, an account of

a revival which is in progress in North Stamford, Conn., given by the pastor, in a private letter.

The pastor says:—

"Over sixty appear to have passed from death unto life." One date for further information from the time of that awful providence when the Rev. Mr. Buffett and myself were struck down by lightning at our communion table, last summer.

The fruitfulness of that scene no language of mine can describe. It was a singular interposition of divine goodness and grace that none of us in the present day, with the few foolish ones

changed in the ear of our own childhood by an earnest nurse, we become more interested in works

of this work, says:—

"There is no more beautiful feature in the pro-

gress of our civilization than the rapid advance-

ment of musical knowledge in New-England; and

strong and general is the desire to listen to this eloquent preacher, that arrangements have been made to secure him one or two days in a week, for several weeks, in some of the cities.

Meetings are also frequently held in the Universi-

list Church, and several of the Unitarian churches

hold weekly evening meetings.—*Salem Register.*

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POETRY.

I AM WEARY.

I am weary of stony ways, fair would I rest,
In that far distant land of the mountains and the blest;
But that can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations forever are fled.

I am weary of hoping—where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew,
I long for that land whose blosom promise alone,
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth;
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage,
O'er the brightness of youth, and the weakness of age.

I am weary of loving what passes away—
The sweet, the dearest, has, may stay!

For that, the land where the bright things are left,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

I am weary, my Saviour! of grieving thy love;
Oh when shall I rest in thy presence above?

I am weary—but oh, never let me repine,
While the word, and thy love, and thy promises are mine.

Episcopal Recorder.

MISCELLANY.

THE LOST SISTER.

The following extracts are from Rev. John Todd's narrative of "The Lost Sister of Wyoming." The "Lost Sister"—the heroine of the narrative—was a daughter of Mr. Jonathan Slocum, a respectable citizen of Wyoming, who removed to that valley from Rhode Island in 1777. In the following year, a party of Delaware Indians came suddenly upon the village, and among other children carried off Frances, the youngest child of Mr. Slocum, then five years old. No trace of her could be found till sixty years afterwards, when it was providentially discovered that she was living among a tribe of Indians in Indiana. Her two brothers and sister, who were still living, went in search of her, on being informed of the fact. The extracts we have made describe their interview with their sister, and give her own account of herself. The family have repeated their visits two or three times since the discovery; and upon the removal of the tribe to which she belonged beyond the Missouri, they succeeded in reserving for her a section of land, on which she still lives.—

THE MEETING AFTER SIXTY YEARS.

Sixty years after the capture of little Frances Slocum, on a bright September morning, a party consisting of two brothers, a sister, and an interpreter, half Indian and half French, were on their horses, wandering along on the north bank of the Wahash river in Indiana, to seek their lost sister. They had passed through the west Miami Reserve, had completed a long journey through the wilderness, and were now fording the river near the village of Peru. Impatiently they passed along till they reached the Mississinawie Village. Here is the remnant of the Miami tribe living in scattered villages, among the long blue grass which without cultivation covers that luxuriant soil, and the rich corn-fields which need but little care and attention.

After passing the first village, our party called at the residence of Godfrey, the second chief of the nation, for although very impatient, they well knew the Indian would not permit them to pass him. He would not, but the party, consisting of some five or six or seven story houses, much after the manner of the white, within a square enclosure, of about half an acre. A gamey Indian admitted them to the enclosed buildings which were quite respectable in appearance. On entering the house, the interpreter introduced them with much gravity to the chief and informed him of their errand. He received them with great courtesy and real politeness, proffering any assistance in his power. He was a noble looking man, apparently over fifty years of age, majestic and solemn in countenance, and very portly—weighing over 320 pounds! He was dressed in a blue calico shirt, which came down to the knee, and was profusely covered with ruffles. The Indian bosom covered the leg from the shirt downward. He was very tall, and when he arose, with his long hair powdered and in a queue down his back, he would have been an contemptible model for a sculptor. Nature had done much for this man; and if he should be faithful to himself, to his nation and to his Maker, he may yet be a great blessing to his people. He has wealth and influence, besides a shrewd head upon his own shoulders. Long may he wear it for his goods.

Our party then left the chief and hastened on to what was called the Deaf Man's Village—so named from a chief who was now dead. As they drew near the village they became silent. There was an expectation—the fulfillment of hopes which had been cherished for sixty years. Would she have a family likeness, by which they might know her? Would she have any recollections by which she might be identified? Would she be glad to see them, and if proved to be their sister, would she return to the home of her birth—and die where she was born? Would she be overcome at seeing them?

"I shall know her if she is my sister," said the sister, "by her having lost the right thumb-nail; you brother, remember how you pouted it off in the shop, about a year before we lost her!"

"I do well remember it!"—and this was all they said, as they went forward on their journey.

At length they reach a large log-house, or rather two houses, joined together by a kind of shed. They enter, and find an Indian woman, with two daughters, the one about twenty-three years old, and the other about ten years older, and three young grand-children.

Before being introduced by the interpreter, they found themselves agitated and giving way to tears. "Oh God!" cried one of the brothers, "is that my sister?" In a moment he seized her hand and drew her to the light. It was there!—the mark, the thumb-nail was gone!

On being told who they were, she received them with great reserve, coolness, and indifference. While they were walking the room in tears, not a feature of her countenance moved. She shed not a tear, she evinced no emotion. They asked her of her early home: she could recollect nothing, except what she had told Col. Ewing. They asked her what her name was when a child? She could not recollect.

"What do you remember?"

"My father, my mother, the long river, the stair-case under which I hid when they came."

"How came you to lose your thumb-nail?"

"My brother hammered it off, a long, long time ago, when I was a very little girl at my father's house."

"Do you know how many brothers and sisters you had?"

She then mentioned them, and in the order of their ages.

"Would you know your name, if you should hear it repeated?"

"It is a long time since, and perhaps I should not."

"Was it Frances?"

At once a smile played upon her features, and for a moment it seemed to pass over her face, which was like a shadow of an emotion, and she answered, "Yes!"

On pursuing the investigation, there remained no doubt on the minds of any of the party, that she was the lost sister—the Frances Slocum of sixty years ago! But what a change from that fair-haired, pale-faced little girl, to the old, jaded, ignorant, suspicious savage! The contrast was so great, that the brothers and sisters were almost overwhelmed. To add to their embarrassment, she was coy, reserved, and seemed to fear that they were contriving some way to cheat her out of her property. Her youngest daughter was

a widow, and the eldest was the wife of a half-breed French Indian, by the name of Brouette—a man of polished manners, and elegant appearance.

It took a long time to overcome her suspicions, and convince the family that they were her relatives. At length she consented to accompany them back to their lodgings, nine miles distant, and spend the night. At once the Indian sister caught a pony, and throwing a blanket over him, she mounted, *a la Turk*, and the whole family returned with them and spent the night.

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girls. My boys both died while young. The girls are living and are here in this room at the present time. I cannot recollect much about the Indian wars with the whites, which were so common and so bloody. I well remember a battle and a defeat of the Americans at Fort Washington, which is now Cincinnati. I remember how Wayne or "Mad Anthony" drove the Indians away and built the Fort. The Indians then scattered all over the country, and lived upon game, which was very abundant. After this they encamped all along on Eel River. After peace was made we all returned to Fort Wayne, and received provisions from the Americans, and there I lived a long time. I had removed with my family to the Mississinawie, and sometimes before the battle were Kickapoo, Potowatamie and Shawnee. The Minnis were not there. I heard of the battle on the Mississinawie, but my husband was a deaf man and never went to the wars, and I did not know much about it.

"Was you ever tired of living with the Indians?"

"No. I had always enough to live on, and to live well. They always used me very kindly."

"Did you ever know that you had white relatives who were seeking you for so many years?"

"No. No one told me, and I never heard of it. I never thought any thing about my white relatives unless it was a little while after I was taken."

"But you live where our father and mother used to live on the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna, and we never you to return with us. We will give you of our property, and you shall be one of us, and share all that we have. You shall have a good house, and everything you desire. Do you know any one in that group."

"No. I am very ignorant," said I to the brother who gave me the narration.

"Sir did not know when Sunday come?"

"As a consummation of ignorance for one actually born in New England! She was rich, and much respected and beloved; but she was a poor, dark-skinned savage."

"Then it is not possible that you have been guilty to an unmerciful extent; for these are tokens of friendship and kindness. But still, they were seeking you for so many years?"

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"No. I am very ignorant," said I to the brother who gave me the narration.

"Sir did not know when Sunday come?"

"As a consummation of ignorance for one actually born in New England! She was rich, and much respected and beloved; but she was a poor, dark-skinned savage."

"Then it is not possible that you have been guilty to an unmerciful extent; for these are tokens of friendship and kindness. But still, they were seeking you for so many years?"

"No. No one told me, and I never heard of it. I never thought any thing about my white relatives unless it was a little while after I was taken."

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